

NO. 4

NO. 49.

Gen. Lee's Death.

The death of Gen. Robert E. Lee, a Lexington, Va., on the 12th of October, 1870, removed an illustrious actor in the civil war. In the south, where he was best known and most beloved; in the north, where his military genius and worth as a private citizen found recognition; and in Europe, where his noble life and noble death were commended, he had won his high renown. His tributes to his memory of the departed southern chieftain has been generous, enthusiastic, and worthy of his fame. Gen. Lee has truly said that personally he was not a great man, but his heart was overladen with love and charity toward all mankind. He drew his sword in the civil war from a sense of duty to his native state; but when he sheathed it again, under the apple tree at Appomattox Court house, there was not a stain upon its blade. Even those who were opposed to Gen. Lee upon the battlefield were as ready as his most intimate friends and ardent admirers to praise his well-earned fame as a military leader, as well as to his many private virtues.

Gen. Lee, shortly after the surrender at Appomattox, became president of Washington college, at Lexington, and devoted his life to the education of his adopted nation. He was taken sick on Wednesday evening, Sept. 28. As he was about to take his seat at the tea-table, he sank into his chair and became insensible. A doctor soon set in, however, and in the course of the evening he steadily improved, until it was hoped he was out of danger. But on the following Monday evening he became suddenly and rapidly worse. His strength failed, his mind death claimed his rights, and he expired.

his illness he slept in

An Explanation.

Mr. Ben: Perley Poore explains in the Boston Budget that Zach Chandler's florid countenance, which led strangers to believe that he indulged too freely in strong potations, was the result of a gas explosion the first evening after he had removed into a new house in Detroit. Immediately after the gas was turned on and lit the smell of escaping gas aroused the family and servants, who hurriedly fled from the room. His daughter, now Mrs. Hale, then a child with a lighted candle, detected it in a closet off the parlor. The father, knowing the danger of an explosion, hurried to the closet with a servant, took the candle and threw it into the fire. He shielded her just in time to receive the full blast himself, burning his head, neck, and hands almost to a crisp. The nose, ears, eyes, lips, and flesh of

were so completely
each embraced the op

and mumbled through his "blistered lips," "bring on your cannibals, I'm cooked!" Such is the history of a face which has only saved by the nicest skill in surgery.

One day when the ground was white with snow, Mme. Duran a great whip among the Parisian "sportswomen," permitted the eccentric and venerable Vicar or Hugo to drive out and see the skaters in the Bois de Boulogne. As he turned up beside her on the box of her gig, she remarked: "You have forgotten your overcoat, but what matter there." "My overcoat! I haven't any." "And I never had one; and I dress just the same way in Winter as I do in Summer. My overcoat is my youth." "You are seventy years of age," said the Vicar. "I am seventy years of age," said the Vicar. "I am seventy years of age," said the Vicar. "I am seventy years of age," said the Vicar.

Scarlet Fever.

A great deal can be done even in bad cases to aid the efforts of nature to throw off the peculiar poison of this anomaly, and hence a family physician should be early summoned, that his skill may institute the proper plan of

Frequently a mild
r improperly treated

over by dropsy, rheumatism, diseases of the ears or other organs. Therefore, when symptoms of scarlet fever are present, at once summon the physician. Until he arrives, keep the child wrapped in a deep, warm (not hot) blanket in a well ventilated apartment, give it cool liquid drinks, light food if it desires nourishment, and especially guard it from draughts of air or draft. It is a mistake to suppose that the child is safe as long as there is no draft so long as no insidious attack of the crack at the bottom of the door; in fact, in some cases all around the floor, and next, the casements of the window, are so attractive to a sick child, it leans out so eagerly to view the streets from the window.—*Philadelphia Call.*

"Tote Your Own Skillet."

The above phrase that is being so often quoted by speakers and writers is of modern date, but is said to have been used by the early settlers in this country, when accordingly there was war and bloodshed between the Indians and "pale faces" (as they called the whites). During one of the Indian wars, a white man, who had started on a forced march. They had some skillets, and putting them in a sack covered and taking a pack-horse of their prisoner—made a trail to the north, by a path-way led through a rough, rocky wilderness. When stopping at a secluded

the night, the unfatigued
who had struggled through

the long hours of the day with his heavy burden upon his shoulder, with his bare feet bleeding, cut by the rough stones, approached the chief. Looking down full in the face exclaimed: "I am a slave of the great day, but for this every man must tote his own kiltot."—*Zutler (Ga.) Herald.*

In California, vineyards planted so close to the sea mildew badly. It has been noted that small vineyards within five miles of the ocean hardly average one ton of grapes in five years. Yet in the orange vineyards of the same area, the vines are carried sleek down to the edge of the water. The greater deposits of moisture from fogs and the cold winds along the Pacific coast will probably account for the difference. Except in some of the valleys, grape production within three miles of the coast, particularly north of Monterey

JESSE O. THOMAS, Editor.

OFFICE—CORNER HAINES AND WALNUT STS.

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

No subscription continued after expiration of time paid for.

THURSDAY, JUNE 10, 1886.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.
This Gazette will be pleased to receive all communications, and to publish them, if they are of interest to the community. Anonymous communications, however, cannot be published. In all cases the writer's name will be given, (not for publication) as a guarantee of good faith.

The Norristown Insane Asylum contains 670 male and 671 female patients, making a total of 1341 persons whose minds are unbalanced.

Franklin T. Evans, a prominent citizen of Phenixville, and brother to Hon. I. N. Evans, of Montgomery county, died on Sunday, the 31st ult., aged about 60 years.

It is said that pastry-cooks in Paris use vasoline as a substitute for butter, lard and oil. Possibly the cooks fancy that a new market will be opened for their pastry when the public comes to discover that it is good for clapped hands.

One of the cutest of A B C books is the "Household Primer." Each large letter has an amusing picture and a pretty verse. The whole is daintily printed in Brown; and, best of all, is mailed free by D. Lathrop & Co., Boston, on receipt of 2-cent stamps.

Mr. George W. Boyd, the Assistant General Passenger Agent has placed on our table a copy of the Summer Excursion Route Book of the Pennsylvania Railroad. It is very handsomely printed and illustrated, and is replete with accurate information to seekers of summer resorts.

To the list of hicough remedies, most of which concentrate the attention for a few moments, the *Popular Science Monthly* adds: "You say to your affected friend something like 'See how close together you can hold the tips of your forefingers without touching. Now keep your elbows free from your side. You can get your finger closer than that. They are touching now. There—now hold them so. Steady!' By this time they can ask: 'Now, why don't you hicough?'"

The July *Eclectic* is embellished with a beautiful steel engraving of the Neapolitan Girl which is alone worth the price of the number. The table of contents is interesting and varied. The opening paper by Mr. Williams, Soudan correspondent of a great London journal, makes a very serious charge against a high military official, that Gordon's death was owing entirely to his disobedience of orders. Prince Outisky's paper on Prince Bismarck is one of great interest and acumen. Among the other powerful timely articles are those on "Egypt and the Soudan," the "Coming War," and the "Advance of Russia toward Central Asia." Special attention may be called to the purely literary articles, among which are "Border Ballads," "The Kalevala," "Mary Woolstonecraft Godwin" and "Mr. Swinburne's Poetry." The miscellaneous papers are all bright and readable and the magazine in its entirety is highly entertaining number. As this number begins a new volume it affords an excellent opportunity for the beginning of new subscriptions.

Few things are more fascinating in their way than a study of the subterranean history of man, whether in caves or in mounds, whether it be to corroborate written history, or to take testimony that ante-dates all writing. President Bartlett of Dartmouth, contributes an interesting article on this topic to the July number of the *North American Review*. From the men of unknown ages and their works underground, to the men gapping with the latest questions of our own day and discussing the parceling out of the earth's surface, is a long step; but in the same number of the *Review* appears a conversation between David Dudley Field and Henry George, on land and taxation. Another urgent question, which may soon make a very serious issue, the extradition of dynamite criminals, is debated by President Angell, of Michigan University, George Ticknor Curtis, and Justice T. M. Cooley. Dorman B. Eaton, chief of the Civil Service Commission, gives his views of the results of that reform. William Clark shows the futile character of any scheme for British imperialism in Asia. The other articles are by Gail Hamilton on Prohibition in practice, and one by Rev. Dr. C. H. Parkhurst on the decline of Christianity. These, with the batch free-hand Comments, make up a number of unusual interest. If the allotted age of man were sufficient for a magazine, we might have to part here with an old friend; for the *Review* has just completed its seventieth year. But outwardly it renews its youth with a new cover, and inwardly it seems more vigorous than ever.

PLEASANT SUMMER TRIPS.

With the first hot breath of summer come recollections of broad highways, hard sand, stretches of billowy ocean, the roar of surges, the cooling breath of Neptune, the splash of the waves, the salty air from the wide sweeping sea, and the countless other delights of life on the sea coast. And nature, ever kindly, has placed within easy reaching distance a sea coast for the pleasure of mankind and woman-kind in their hours of leisure, and which man has improved until it seems perfection. From Sandy Hook to Cape May the Atlantic Ocean dashes upon a coast of the most variable but always beautiful description. Years ago this was for the most part a desolate shore, but to-day it blossoms like the rose, and attracts to it the tired dwellers in cities who have a day, a week, or a month of relaxation. At one end of this shining strip of sand lies Long Branch, and at the other Cape May, while between them are located numerous other resorts, all worthy of attention, and each of which has its champions among summer tourists.

The most important of the intermediate resorts is Atlantic City. It has the distinction of being strikingly unlike all other seaside resorts. It reminds one of a striking character in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," a young woman who "just grewed." Atlantic City was planned, it jumped into existence apparently of its own accord, and has seemingly made a hit. It is practically an island, for it is separated from the main land by miles of salt marshes. It is twenty miles nearer to Philadelphia than any other New Jersey resort, and perhaps for this reason it is the Mecca of Philadelphians and of people who live hundreds of miles from that city. Every one in Pennsylvania has heard of Atlantic City, and when the denizens of the rural districts take a vacation, and reaches Philadelphia, his first thought is to get out of it and reach Atlantic City as quickly as possible. The first thing to do is to find a hotel, and, with a guide, this is not difficult—they are numerous. There are, besides the hotels, cottages without number and private boarding houses beyond count. Atlantic City has beyond doubt made a hit, for it is always crowded in summer with a vast concourse of people drawn from every walk of life. The facilities for reaching Atlantic City are favorable. The distance from New York by way of Philadelphia is 150 miles by rail, and is covered in about four hours by the Pennsylvania Railroad. The sea shore connections. All kinds of fish abound in its waters, and salt water birds are numerous in its immediate vicinity. Its even temperature makes it a healthful resort, and this perhaps helps to account for the fact that it is patronized by the rich as well as the poor. Its board walk is a joy forever, if not a thing of beauty. Bathing and swimming is indulged in to an unlimited extent. On Sundays the crowd is immense. Atlantic City has nothing to complain of. The present season promises to eclipse all previous seasons in the matter of attendance, and the natives are making desperate efforts to provide for the rush that they may make all the hay possible while the sun remains above the horizon. North and South Atlantic Cities are adjoining to the present town, and are making big strides to catch up. Between Atlantic City and Cape May are a number of other pleasant and flourishing resorts, such as Ocean City, Sea Isle City, and Seaside Point, but in comparison with Cape May these are but as the lowly snow-drop to the full-blown rose. It has been said that the West Jersey Railroad carries the traveller through a desert before it finally deposits him at Cape May, but if so does not the journey enhance the attractions of the queen of watering places. Even a sight of it has a soothing influence on the most dissatisfied, and there seems to be some ground for the statement that had the lotus eaters discovered Cape May they would have pitched their tents there in preference to any other spot on the globe. There is nothing ephemeral about Cape May. Away back in 1675 it boasted of a Baptist church, and surely if there were a church there it must have had a congregation. This of itself, is a source of gratification to the residents of the beautiful city on the sea, a city which can boast of a population the year round, with great hotels, magnificent private residences, and countless other advantages, and a life all its own. Nothing, apparently, can shake its popularity. Built upon a strip of upland, where the waters of the bay and ocean meet, it has a grand view of the Atlantic. Its beach is broad and smooth, and it is considered the grandest bathing ground on the coast. The dangerous undertow that makes bathing at some points insecure is here unknown, and perfect safety seems to reign over the waves that lave its silver sands. Its streets are broad and level, and all its structures have an solidity and an absence of newness that is refreshing of itself. An unobstructed view of the ocean is obtained from one end to the other of the magnificent boulevard that runs parallel with the ocean for a distance of five miles. Its beach is its glory, and its new iron pier the pride of its people. Its sky is always blue and its sun is seldom hidden. Its bathing facilities are glorious and its taken advantage of to the full. Noon is the favorite hour for this diversion, and thousands of both sexes, all in costumes more or less unique and striking, then take their dip in view of other and admiring or amused thousands. Cape May's hotels are quite as famous as the city itself. During the summer season, from June till September, Cape May's accommodations are taxed to the utmost. Early as it is the indications are that the present season will push its predecessors very hard in an effort to beat the record.

At the extreme southern end of New Jersey is located Cape May Point. Except on the northeast side it is surrounded by the Atlantic Ocean, and Delaware Bay. Although it is but two miles distant from Cape May it is connected by rail, and the residents of the two points are generally equally well acquainted with both stamping grounds. Like Spring Lake, Cape May Point possesses a fresh-water lake, which is fed by the cool and sparkling springs. The lake is situated within a few hundred feet of the Atlantic's

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SALTY BREAKERS. ITS HOTELS ARE EXCELLENT, AND ITS GUESTS ARE ALWAYS SURROUNDED BY A PLentiful SUPPLY OF AMUSEMENT IN BATHING, SAILING, FISHING AND DRIVING.—N. Y. Times.

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The white brick now made in France from the immense accumulation of waste sand at glass factories is like a provable valuable industry. The process of production consists in subjecting the sand to an immense hydraulic pressure and the baking in furnaces at a high temperature, so as to produce blocks of various forms and sizes, which is fed by the cool and sparkling springs. The lake is situated within a few hundred feet of the Atlantic's

THE TYREAN PURPLE.

It is said that the purple dye of Tyre was discovered about fifteen centuries before the Christian Era; the art of using it did not become lost until the eleventh century after Christ. This is very good as far as it goes, but must be unsatisfactory to the querist. Perhaps my answer will be equally unsatisfactory. Let us try. The Tyrean purple was a bright crimson. It was extracted from a shell-fish, a sort of barnacle, that adhered to the rocks in the sea; the same shell-fish is found on the shores of the Pacific Ocean, and I think on the shores of the Atlantic Ocean also. In the narrative of the "Five Unfortunate Englishmen," written more than a hundred years ago, the method of extracting the dye from the shell-fish is described; the natives in the vicinity of Panama strip themselves, tie the yarn about their heads, and plunge into the sea; swimming to the rocks, they take the barnacles off, squeeze them on the yarn about their heads, and when the yarn is saturated with the juice return to the shore. This juice is the dye; pale at first, on exposure to the sun it becomes a brilliant crimson. A later traveller, Mr. Squier, in his "Nicaragua" gives a similar account; adding that the natives replace the shell-fish on the rocks, after squeezing them, so that they shall not be exterminated. The Navajo Indians use this yarn in making their blankets. The yarn is enormously expensive, but so are the blankets. A good Navajo blanket is worth from fifty to a hundred dollars. When residing in Portland, Maine, I found they used a shell-fish for bait which they found adhering to the rocks, and even to the timber on the wharves in the harbor; I used the same bait, but on going home I found my fingers stained crimson, pale at first, but soon becoming a brilliant crimson. Water did not eradicate it, and it took a long while for it to wear off. I suspect this was the same shell-fish that produced the Tyrean dye. It would take a great many of these dye a pound of yarn, and it would be a very costly pound of yarn. I don't think the Tyrean dye is a lost art. I presume the demand exceeded the supply, and the shell-fish in the waters of Tyre were exterminated. J. B. P.

An evening contemporary answers a query about the Tyrean Purple. It says "The purple dye of Tyre was discovered about fifteen centuries before the Christian Era; the art of using it did not become lost until the eleventh century after Christ. This is very good as far as it goes, but must be unsatisfactory to the querist. Perhaps my answer will be equally unsatisfactory. Let us try. The Tyrean purple was a bright crimson. It was extracted from a shell-fish, a sort of barnacle, that adhered to the rocks in the sea; the same shell-fish is found on the shores of the Pacific Ocean, and I think on the shores of the Atlantic Ocean also. In the narrative of the "Five Unfortunate Englishmen," written more than a hundred years ago, the method of extracting the dye from the shell-fish is described; the natives in the vicinity of Panama strip themselves, tie the yarn about their heads, and plunge into the sea; swimming to the rocks, they take the barnacles off, squeeze them on the yarn about their heads, and when the yarn is saturated with the juice return to the shore. This juice is the dye; pale at first, on exposure to the sun it becomes a brilliant crimson. A later traveller, Mr. Squier, in his "Nicaragua" gives a similar account; adding that the natives replace the shell-fish on the rocks, after squeezing them, so that they shall not be exterminated. The Navajo Indians use this yarn in making their blankets. The yarn is enormously expensive, but so are the blankets. A good Navajo blanket is worth from fifty to a hundred dollars. When residing in Portland, Maine, I found they used a shell-fish for bait which they found adhering to the rocks, and even to the timber on the wharves in the harbor; I used the same bait, but on going home I found my fingers stained crimson, pale at first, but soon becoming a brilliant crimson. Water did not eradicate it, and it took a long while for it to wear off. I suspect this was the same shell-fish that produced the Tyrean dye. It would take a great many of these dye a pound of yarn, and it would be a very costly pound of yarn. I don't think the Tyrean dye is a lost art. I presume the demand exceeded the supply, and the shell-fish in the waters of Tyre were exterminated. J. B. P.

At a recent German scientific congress, Dr. S. Hoppe, of Hamburg, endeavored to prove that the electricity of storms is generated by the friction of vapor particles. This view was strengthened by experiments in which compressed cold air was allowed to rush into a copper vessel containing warm moist air, a large amount of electricity being thus produced. He concludes that the rise in a column of warm moist air into the colder atmosphere above will be followed by a thunderstorm if it acquires sufficient velocity to prevent neutralization of the electricity generated by the friction of the air. Hence, he regards the clouds as made up of thunderstorms, thus wooded regions, where the trees prevent the rapid rise of humid air currents.

GLEANINGS.

Prospects of an inexhaustible supply of natural gas in Dakota are very encouraging.

Mrs. Langtry's heathen, Wong Mo, cut off his pig-tail the other day in a fit of pique.

Madame has a son now completing his studies as a civil engineer. He is now twenty-four years old.

A negro in Newberry County, South Carolina, is the father of forty-two children and has 324 grandchildren.

It is proposed to utilize the Yellowstone Park for the preservation of the bison, which is now very nearly extinct.

No man, it is said, can enlist in a regular army of China until he has shown his courage by having a tooth pulled.

Detroit has a policeman who is a good Greek and Latin scholar, having graduated from the University of Michigan.

There is a report that Mr. Parnell is soon to wed an American lady. We are glad to hear it. Even if he is an "uncrowned king," he is a good fellow, and by marrying a good American girl, besides, his father did the same thing.

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side in the State of Delaware, came to

the Bristol on Tuesday morning in an in-

toxicated condition. He enquired of

Jesse Woodington and William Kelly

the way to Landreth's seed farm and

was escorted out of town by them in

that direction. Not many hours

elapsed before he appeared at Squire

Bailey's office and asked for a warrant

for the two men, who he claimed, had

knocked him down and quarrelled

with him and afterwards had taken

his pocket book, containing \$2.50

from him. Woodington was arrested.

At the hearing Shay testified to the

above facts, and said that Woodington's

companion had snatched the pocket

book from him, and run, while Wood-

ington himself remained and talked

with him. Woodington was sent to

Doyles-town to await trial. Kelly was

not arrested.

—A sensational article in the

Philadelphia Press, nearly a column

in length, gives a minute account of

how on Sunday last the Steamboat

Columbia run into a sail boat filled with

bummers and two kegs of beer, and

then proceeded on her way without

her officers making any effort at a

rescue. The facts of the case appear

to be that the occupants of the sail

boat who were not in a condition to

properly manage the boat, run into

the Columbia, and as would naturally

be expected were thrown into the

water. Two boats near by immediately

pulled out for their rescue, and there

was no occasion to stop the steamboat,

as all the assistance needed reached

them, before the Columbia could do

anything that would be of any avail.

—On next Thursday evening the

colored folks will have a time at the

rink. In addition to skating and

promouncing there will be a grand

cake walk, and prizes will be given to

the most graceful couples who com-

pete for the distinction.

—John T. Thorn is enlarging the

property at the corner of Wood and

Dorrance street, which he recently

purchased, and will make a business

room on the corner.

—The Pennsylvania Railroad Com-

pany should provide some protection

against the rays of the sun, or the rain,

for waiting passengers on the west

side of the road opposite the station.

—Albert Munster, of Penns Valley,

was before E. J. Bailey on Tuesday

charged with deserting his wife and

children and refusing to contribute to

their support. He was bound over to

appear at the next term of Court.

—Lieut. Samuel Smiley, formerly of

RECOLLECTIONS OF A SEPTUAGENARY.

AT THE SHAWNEE MISSION HOUSE.

Some thirty years ago I was at

Westport, Missouri, when some friends

proposed that we should go to an

Indian payment, at the Shawnee Mis-

sion House, some ten miles or more

distant, in Kansas Territory. I had a

great desire to see an Indian payment,

and I willingly joined them—so early

in the morning, we went to the Mission

House. We found a great many people

gathered, not only Shawnees, but

Indian traders from the neighboring

towns; some visitors, also, like our

party, and representatives from other

Indian Tribes, among them a number

of Otoes. The traders were there

with their goods, we all knew Colonel

Boone, one of the traders, and he in-

vited us to assist him, so we went be-

hind the counter. The method of

trading was simple, the Indian

pointed with his finger to the article

he wanted to buy; then the seller put

out on the counter, before the Indian,

the sum he wanted for the goods; the

Indian then put out the price he wanted

to pay. Then the seller shook his

head, put the goods back, and the In-

dian went away, generally to return

in a little while increasing his bid;

and finally he paid the price, and went

away with his purchase. A squaw

came in, and pointed to a butter-ket-

tle. I brought it down to her, and put

the price before her, on the counter; she

shook her head and went away; but

soon came back, and made an offer: I

shook my head, and put the kettle

back; she soon returned and paid the

price for the kettle. Squaws, that day

seemed to have a penchant for butter-

kettles; after a few minutes another

squaw came in and pointed to a butter-

kettle. I brought it down, and

counted out the price to her; she paid

the money without dickerings. And

squaw after squaw came in, paid the

money, and took away a kettle, till

finally all the kettles were sold: after

the sale of the first kettle the price

was paid willingly; the first buyer

fixed the price. What they used but-

ter-kettles for I can't imagine; they

had no butter, but I suppose they had

a use for it. I soon got tired of trad-

ing with Indians, and went to the

Mission House where they were mak-

ing payments; before the doors, on

each side, was a line of dry-goods

boxes, behind which sat the traders,

with the accounts. The space between

was narrow, and each Indian, as he

passed out, after getting his money,

faced his creditor, who presented his

HAPPY CHILDREN.

How to Make Them—Keep Them in

Health and They Will Take Care

of the Body.

The joy of every well-regulated household comes

chiefly from the children. Thousands of at-

tention parents do not take care of their chil-

dren. Through ignorance more than culpable

neglect they suffer them to fall sick and die.

When knowledge would have saved them, and

home Dr. Kennedy offers his "Favorite

Children's Remedy," a medicine for the

children—gentle, healthy, and safe.

It is a "Favorite Remedy" in the hands of

doctors, and should be found in every nurse's

bag. It is a "Favorite Remedy" in the hands of

children, as well as for their own. Try it

in the land. Keep it in your house for your

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INFORMATION.

The late Spring, together with the dull times, has thrown many goods

upon the market at very low prices, from which we from time to time

secured lots which are now on sale at such prices as we might suppose would

SELL THEM QUICK.

There are lots of Woolen Dress Goods, lots of Washing Fabrics, lots of

Skirts for Summer, lots of Thin Underwear (for men, women and child-

ren), lots of cloth for boys' and men's wear, very cheap; lots of Muslin,

Toweling, and Table Linens, Flannels, Tickings, etc. Also full assort-

ment of Staple Notions, Gloves, Hosiery, Corsets, Handkerchiefs, etc. In

fact, decided BARGAINS may be found at every counter. We buy and

sell for CASH only, and so whatever Bargains the cash will bring will

be found on our counter.

JOHN MOORE & CO.,

[illegible][illegible]

WELLS' HEALTH-RENEWER

Any one failing, try WELLS' HEALTH-RENEWER, a pure, clean, wholesome

TONIC,

For Blood, Nerves, Stomach, Liver, Kidney, Lungs, All Impaired Functions, &c.

TESTS:

Headache, Fever, Agitation, Chills, Debility & WEAKNESS.

Nice to take, true merit, unequalled for

TORPID Liver and Night Sweats, Nervous Weakness, Malaria, Lungs, Sexual Inaction,

50c per box, 2 for \$1.00, at Druggists, &c.

S. W. Wells, Jersey City, N. J., U. S. A.

[illegible]

ONLY \$20.
This Style Paladiahpa SIKMER, with full belt and 100% minimum, is cut on two weeks' trial. We do not ask you to pay a cent until you like the machine in your own home for two weeks. One complete year for \$20.00. No money back if 1 year. Offer good and guaranteed for 1 year only.
S. & A. 3000 1/2
17 North 10th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

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PAINTER AND PAPERHANGER,
AND DEALER IN
Wall Paper and Window Shades.
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WE are engaged to furnish the public
with the best quality of Shop and
FARM STEEL BETWEEN WASH-
INGTON AND DURHAM STS.,
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The preservation of the National Park is a
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